Wu-Tang F/ Bobby Digital, Killarmy, Method Man ''Tang F/ Bobby Digital, Killarmy, Method Man - And Justice For All''

Visit "Tang F/ Bobby Digital, Killarmy, Method Man - And Justice For All" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus (x2) Fuck yall analog niggas we be digital wu-tang, killarmy we indespensible we never fall we stand tall like sky-scrapers and justice for all [Killa Sin] We move on M.C.'s mechanically strike nerve like Ghost Vs. a canopy hard to touch ratarded fucks playing wit they fantasies respect this specialist black testing this will get ya necklace jacked and named scratched up off my guestlist party freak you the type of nigga that'll hardly speak unless you spoken to we throw a cold screw and sober up when im approaching you at the same time we posting two niggas on tha ass-fist gonna do what they supposed to do the limelight snatched away from you because its my night killarm blaze inside of the twilight you better get ya lines right half of thease crabs cant even rhyme right which dart slows wit body movement and blurry eyesight what you want I already got and after I controll I keep head high, head pon-cocked and pockets rollin' you foldin' you fagot ass fuck [Dom Pachino] yo farotion never fails shoot at darts sharper than a carpenters nail

inhale life

exhale strive anxiety's trife blowin' smoke out my peice pipe ducking the snipe shot off the top of the White House and cop 4'S war never does and many causes my offense is my defense extreme precautious moving cyphers high valocities making you nautious ya forcing it parishly extortionists aborting this space ship thats spacious face it im on contain shit pioneer looking for honey and is it matrix the case is if not ya basic way to make shit embrace it knowing some day you'll have to face it

Chorus

Fuck yall analog niggas we be digital wu-tang, killarmy we indespensible we never fall we stand tall like sky-scrapers and justice for all (so fuck yall, so fuck yall niggas)

[Bobby Digital] yo, yo hard to grapple I raise the sharp scaple technique slaps you invasion body snatch you money grip I smoke the honey dip blunts cherry bomb very calm first bursts like a shot from the Berry homes you'd be most wise to pay close attention to willy lynchin' its stupid to fuck wit' Bobby Steel's henchmen I step into presidential credentials, evident my potential be infinate, deluxe benetic sluts invinsible only ones can know me swore me before the Dolby Alexis Colby broads try to control me pussy whip me like Toby fuck the local I move global economical ship sea promise fool my info glow and the dark Wu-Tang logo

sparks the attention, look listen observe killa bee swerv slam like Dr. Julias Erv still strike the vital nerve charter through the Magna Carta trapped like Otis and Carter wild like a Shaolin child from Mariners Harbor king devine forced to shine head burst open like a bottle of Pine use penmenship when I write my script blunt spark em' and them mark em' homeless Killa Hill syndrome peace to Two Tone he must know me to understand me from what you do to realize Im you everything I do honey bee from the bee hive Ever-green squeeze dried leaf smoke Killa Priest from the tribe of Levi smoke out and not steal or blunt spill the indestructable Bobby Steel's is here

[Method Man] Yo In The Heat of The Night my 4-7-7 mash on the mic Killarmy and Trappa John M.D. full metal jackets cuz' some gots to have it kill or be killed only time will reveal I think by myself and I drink by myself from 9-8 until let me know its real son if its really real understandable self explainable caution John Blaze flamable when under pressure, interchangable and still coming down like precipitation as I reign undesputed how Johnny do it dangerously, whoppin cough (cough, cough) two and off stank pussy make my dick soft (huh) bottom line be this high, explosive not for the average Joseph come and get some hol' it, keep one up in the chamber blast wit' my middle finger now I toss men

attack like the Four Horsemen see me dog walkin' strickly getty-o slang talkin' all up in thease guts, soften thease rap niggas, official we slap niggas wit' mak' charges dope shit regardless we usually take another niggas garments (what) [Killarmy] Straight up and down I got this rap shit locked in '98 niggas cant escape the laws that I enforce like top notch politicians who be pola-tickin' slam through expand total construction accross the planet and micro chip software placed in the rear of ya ear as I sit the next year all yall analong niggas fuck yall we be digital shit is critical like the hallways in my projects similar to the streets in Tibet fuck that I aint playin' wit' a full deck (son, son, son, son)

Visit <u>Wu-Tang F/ Bobby Digital, Killarmy, Method Man</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.